Ode

on the

Coronation

of

King George V.

Agnes Grote Copeland
Toronto

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1911

TO THEIR MAJESTIES

KING GEORGE V.

AND

QUEEN MARY

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Ode on the Coronation of King George V.

AWAKE, awake, ye voices of the dawn,
Glad tidings echo over land and sea,
Again unto a lustrous June is born
A wondrous dawn, with verdure clad to dwell
Enthroned upon these crimson hills. Awake
And sing, O sing, sweet choristers of morn,
Your carol of the Junetide sing; awake
And sing, an Empire's joyous greeting, sing.

YE ivory gates, now open wide, within
Your portals flow the shimmering opal tints
Of golden day; softly the muses chant
A joyful strain, and lilied garlands breathe
The valley's bloom. Here Britain's glory waits,
And hither princes from afar attend,
Honor and homage to pay her sovereign lord.

NOW blithely forward England's herald speeds,
And all the shores of Britain sing with joy;

The woodland breezes waft their charméd song
In mystic music to the silvery bells;
Forth with the winds the thunderous cannon roar
In swelling cadence on the billowed crest;
While with united voice the nation joins
In loud response, and all her banners wave
Unto Britannia's jubilant refrain;
For lo, the lord of the isles, King George, appears,
And fairer than the lilies of the vale,
Bride of a boundless realm, Queen Mary comes.
Hail to the guardians of a people's love!
Let songs of prayer and praise to heaven resound,
For glory waits Britannia's royal house;
Sing, all ye sons of Anglo-Saxon blood!
Sing, all ye Celtic children of the soil!
And magnify this glorious day that brings
A royal crown for each imperial brow.

O SING, ye people, swell the echoing strain,
In one glad harmony your pæan sing!
Jubilaté, jubilaté, all hail,
Jubilaté, jubilaté, amen.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

O LUMINOUS morn, that in thy wakening bring'st
Fresh lustre to the gladdened earth; afar
Thy roseate rays have climbed the mountain peaks
To fall in showering smiles upon the vale,
Where dew-dropt crownéd lilies, rare, embrace
Their gentle touch; and from thy vaulted blue,
O radiant light, now bathing in a flood
Of love divine, these hallowed abbey aisles
Linger and rest, to shed a splendor on
The throne that waits the crowning of the king,
And crown the crowning of the fairest queen.
Rest, blessed light, O rest, with glory rest!
O rest, with glory rest, with glory rest!

TRANSCENDENT light, O rest, with glory rest!
With heavenly calm the fragrant air is filled;
While through the gleam effulgent, lo! about
The throne a silent benediction falls,
Breathing the tender prayer of Royalty—
Of Alexandra—mother of our King.
Alexandra, flower of a nation's love,
Enshrined in her incomparable sway,

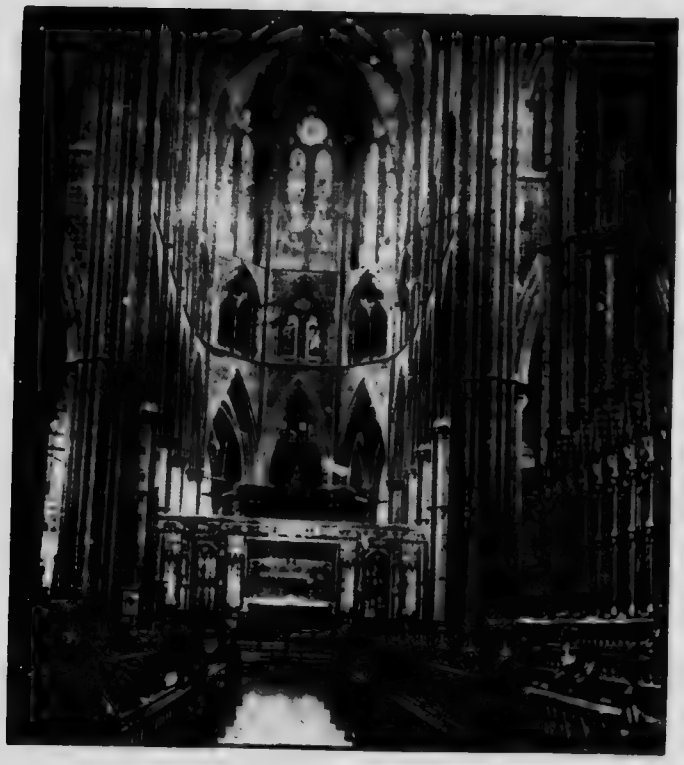
Now silently unfolds a treasured bond,
The panoply of peace that Edward wove,
Fair as a beacon light to guide and guard
The nation in its onward course of peace.
O love divine, in love commutual,
Of Edward and his well-belovéd spouse,
Breathe sweetly on King Edward's son, our King.

EDWARD! Edward! thy mirrored halo rest!
Thy mirrored halo rest, forever rest,
Forever rest, thy mirrored halo rest!

YE whispering angels, now your vigils keep,
Your vigils keep, your holy vigils keep!

BEHOLD, the king and queen in reverence kneel;
In reverence worship Him, the Lord of hosts,
Before the throne where seraph voices float
Down from the Great White Throne, the Great White Throne!

ARISE, ye chosen ones, and worship Him;
Within His temple magnify and praise



NAVE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

His holy name, and praise His holy name!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, rejoice,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, amen.

ALL hail, resplendent day! that seals thy star
Fast woven in the king's encrownéd crown;
All hail thou kingly son! thy zenith fixed
Near that immortal monument; thus thou
Hast wrought in equity and skill a chain
Of lasting worth; all praise to thee, all praise
And honor to our Emperor and King.

WHAT majesty and power doth unto thee
Portend, O King; whence standest thou upon
Thine Island pedestal graven from out
The glory of the centuries; what vast
Illimitable visions greet thine eye!
Though storms may beat about thy rock-bound shores
Thou art our King! and thy strong arm shall wield
The sceptre over our exalted realm.
Behold, thy nation centres all her hope
In thee. In peace, or war, her altar stands

A living flame; the flower of all her sons
Shall dare to follow where their fathers led,
And every British heart shall ever beat
For Britain's cause. Sealing her loyalty
In an imperishable bond, she troths
Allegiance, O most gracious King, to thee,
And crowns thee with her fealty, prayer and love.
Long live the king, long live our lord the king!

GOD of our fathers, O God of the nations,
Thou Holy One of Israel,
Thy children bless, Thy children bless.
In Thy great mercy, O Thou great Jehovah,
Anoint Great Britain's crownéd king,
And let Thy benediction rest,
Rest upon him, rest upon him.
O let the people praise Thee and be joyful,
Be joyful in their heritage,
Be joyful and ever praise Thee.
O Lord eternal, King of kings the mighty,
Bless Thou King George, bless Thou King George,
The king, God save our lord the king!

A part of this Ode has been set to music by Clarence Lucas and accepted for use in the Coronation Service in Canada